

Empty Glass

Thursday

I lost my wedding ring down the kitchen sink
Now it's glimmering somewhere far away
And I'm sitting here with an empty glass
Waiting for the day to swallow me whole
I'm holding on to nothing

Sold my wedding ring to another man
Who was drunk in lust far away from home
Now I'm waking up with an empty hand
Trying to buy something to take me away
The page I've written
I'll sleep in the space where no one's breathing
We'll trade all our memories for forgetting